DR. JOHN BUILLE

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. 5

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1876.

{ TERMS--\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XX.-NUMBER 17.8

Choice Foetry.

THE PHANTOM.

BY W. P. BOUDINGS

There is a spectre ever haunting All the living things of earth; Like a constant shade attending Every mortal from his birth; And its liketeess is a demon's Horrible and mocking mirth.

And it never sleeps nor tires, Never tarns away its eye, Which is always fixed and greedy, Glaring at us ardently; When at night we sleep, it watcheth, At our bedside standing by.

Low it croucheth by the cradic, Where the new-born infant sleeps, Watching with the watchful mother, When it smiles and when it weeps;

Thus, from life's first faint beginning, Till the dreadful close appears, Does this still, malign companion Dog us through our flying years! And it mocks our stilly pleasures,

Few have ever seen this spectre, Caught its desolating eye, When the dews of life a fresh morning Stir the heart with feeling high, And the evenings and the darkness Sceming never to be nigh.

But unconscious, as we travel, Lo! our day hath passed its ne And we startle at the sinking Of our enward sun so soon; And the mournful night approx Which is lighted by no moon

But when love nor fame nor pleasure Warm the heart to dim the sight; When at last the neutal vision Piezces through the mental night; Then we know the dark attendant Of our feeble, falling fight.

For we feel his icy fingers
Tracing wrinkles on the brow,
While his breath, so cold and deadly,
Turns the raven hair to snow,
As we hobbie on our journey,
With a stumbling step, and slow. Whither! pleads the weary traveller, Whither, whither do we fly! But the night, now o'er him closing. Shuts the scene from human sye: Clear is heard the faint voice pleading. Nover, never the residence.

On the footsteps of each mortal, From his first to latest date, When he joys or loves or sorrows. Wretched, happy, humble, gress Mocking guides this silent Phants Child of clay, it is thy fate!

Just behind us all it moveth.
With a still and stealthy tread,
As it followed unseen millions.
Who once lived like us, 'tis said;
Soon we wander in that region,
Whither they have barely fied.

Like the helpless clouds of Heaven, Borne upon the unseen wind, Leaving nought that telleth after, Token, sign, or trace behind: Swiftly thus on fate a broad pinions, Fly the millions of mankind.

Select Story.

THE HISTORICAL PROPHECY.

One Winter evening, when the rain fell in drenching torrents, and the wind howled through the leafeless trees, an old woman, reputed a sorceress by the ignorant peasantry, heard a knock at the door of the miserable but she in-

habited, in the forest of St. Germain.

Opening the door and peering into the darkness, she was accessed by a cavalier, who begged a shelter from the dangers of the path and the inclemency of the season. She requested him to step in, and meanwhile, lead his horse round to a barn in the rear of her own premises.

Returning to her hut, and having lit a lamp, she perceived that her guest belonged to the order of nobility; his face bespoke youth, his der of nobility; his face bespoke youth, his dress rank; and both, that he had ridden long and was considerably wearied. The old woman raked the ashes together on the hearth, threw down some additional firewood, and asked he

visitor if he desired anything to eat.

A stomach at sixteen years is like a heart of the same age, very greedy and not very delicate the same age, very greedy and not very delicate in its requirements. The young man accepted, and a lump of cheese and a piece of black bread were taken from the closet.

"I have nothing more," said the old woman; "see all that is left to me to offer to poor travellers. What with the tithes, the taxes, the exist the very and the fact that the rustics, call-

cise, the rent, and the fact that the rustics, call cise, the rent, and the fact that the rustics, calling me a sorceres and one yowed to the devil, make no scruple to steal from my small garden, I am always poor, and often have not enough to keep life in this withered body."

"On my faith," said her guest, "it is very hard, and should I ever become King of France, these taxes on the poor shall be modified, and a sound education will remove these superstitions from the popular mind. You a sorceress! You a prophetess! These things, I say, shall be al-

devotedly.

The stranger approached the table, and was about to eat, when a heavy blow on the door caused him to desist; the old woman lefted the atch, and found another cavalier, drenched with rain, who begged admission. He was invited in, and on entering, seemed to recognize the first

"Yes, Henry," answered the other one.
"They were both young, both gentlemen, and

both Henrys.

The old woman gathered from their conversation that they belonged to the hunting party of Charles IX.; that the violence and terror of the storm had dispersed them, and that fears wers entertained for the safety of the King.

"Old woman," said the second cavalier, "have you nothing to set before a hungry man? Is my friend Henry to have all?"

"There is not another morsel in the bonse," she replied; "and if you eat what there is for your supper, I know not how I shall get breakfast in the morning."

it in the morning."
"Come ,then," said the second, "we must di-

The first Henry seemed inclined to dispute the The first Henry seemed inclined to dispute the apportionment of what was already scauty fare, but seeing the resolute eye and the determined manner of the second claimant, he gave an ill-humored consent. He thought it better to take half in safety than to lose all, and perhaps his life, in defence of a questionable right. "Divide it, then," he said, sulkily.

They scated themselves opposite to each other, and the second cavalier was about to cut the bread with his dagger, when a third knock was heard.

The meeting was a singular one. It was another gentleman, young, and a Henry. The old woman sat herself down in a corner, and observwoman sat herself down in a corner, and observed the party with surprise and painful interest.

The first cavalier attempted to hide the bread and cheese; the second replaced it on the table, and threw down his sword beside it; the third

Henry smiled.

"You will not, then, give me any of your supper # he said. "No matter; I can wait—I have a good stonach."

"The supper," said the first Henry, "belongs rightly to the first occupant."

"The supper," cried the second, fiercely, "belongs to him who knows how to defend it!"

The third Henry grew red with rage, and exclaimed:

"Rather it belongs to him who knows how to

onquer it!"
These words were scarcely uttered, before the These words were scarcely uttered, before the first Henry drew his dagger; the others seized their swords; just as they stood in the attitude of assault, and about to come to blows, a fourth knock was heard at the door—a fourth young man—a fourth nobleman—a fourth Henry enters!

On seeing the naked weapons, he drew his rapier, and placed himself beside the Henry attacked by the other two. Swords clashed, curstacked by the negroes brought to Texas direct from
Africa by Monroe Edwards, some fifty are still
living in Brazoria County.

combatants fought with desperation, and upset everything in the room; the lamp was shatter-ed and extinguished; still they fought on in the dark; the noise of conflict lasted some time, but by degrees grew weaker, and finally ceased alto-gether.

gether.

The old woman now ventured to creep out, and re-light the lamp. The four young men were stretched in positions on the ground, all gasping, wearied, wounded.

She examined them, and found they were all more exhausted from fatigue than loss of blood; they arcse one after the other, and feeling mortified at the remembrance of the silly quarrel in which they had been sugaged, they all cried cheerfully:

"Come. let us sun on the fare such as it is

mutterings which fell from her frothed lips.

"Why do you regard us, good hostess, with such a troubled look?" said the first Henry.

"We can pay for the injury done your domestic arrangements," said the second cavalier, finging down a broad gold piece on the hearth.

"Are you mad, hag?" said the third.

"I begin to believe she is a witch," said the fourth. "Come, let's see if she are rich.

fourth. "Come, let's see if she can ride on a broomstick!"

broomstick!"

"Children," said the old woman, rising from her cronched posture to an attitude of dignity; "children, they call me a sorceress, and for the first time I understand their meaning; I read your destinies in your faces."
"Tell us our destinies, then!" said the second
Henry. "Speak! What are we? What shall

we be?"

Standing erect, with one hand folded on her heart, the other raised to heaven, the old woman—she looked a Pythoness now—replied:

"As you are all united under this roof, so are ye all united in your destiny! As you have trampled under foot and stained with blood the bread which humble hospitality afforded you, so you will trample under foot and stain with blood the power of which you might be equal partakers! As you have laid waste and beggared this cottage, you will waste and impoverish the homes and palaces of France! As you have all four been wounded in the dark, you will all four perish by treachery and a death of violence!"

The young poblemen laughed leadly while

lence!"
The young noblemen laughed londly, while
"the enraged old hag," as they thought her, uttered the foregoing predictions.
Yet these four noblemen proved to be the heroes of the "League," two in its defence, two its enemies. We give their names, and the brief record of their deaths.

Henry, Duke of Conde, poisoned at St. Jean d'Angely, by his wife. Henry, Duke of Gnise, assassinated at Blois, Henry, Duke of Guise, about the Forty-five.
Henry, Duke of Valois, afterward Henry III.,
assassinated by Jacques Clement, a monk, at St.

the highest order. He was recalling the scenes of the war, and said:

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for National life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic buggles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part from those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places they adore. We hear the whisperings and sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight, sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and

hese taxes on the poor shall be modified, and a bound education will remove these superstitions rom the popular mind. You a sorceress! You prophetess! These things, I say, shall be alsered."

"God record your words!" said the old woman, glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right. glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life shiving slowly away among the withered leaves. hosts, manie to move, what with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches by forts, and in the whirl-wind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prison of hatred and

with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prison of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silver head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see 4,000,000 of human beings governed by the lash; we see them bound hand and foot; we hear the strokes of cruel whips; we see the hounds tracking women through taugled swamps; we see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million sonls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shrick of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men, and women, and children. The wand of progress touches the anction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides, and school-bouses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty, and fetters, and we see the faces of the free.

and cruelty, and fetters, and we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the screnity of death. [A voice—"Glory."] I have one sentiment for the soldiers living, and dead—cheers for the living, and tears for the dead.

A MERCANTILE firm at Spring Lake, Iowa, have adopted a new method of doing business. No books are kept. When a enatomer desires credit, he goes to the desk and borrows the money, for which he gives his note, payable with interest. He then buys his goods and pays for them.

cheerfully?

"Come, let us sup on the fare, such as it is, contentedly and without ill-will?"

But when the old woman sought the supper, it was lying on the ground and trampled under foot, stained with blood. Small as it was, they regretted it, but there was no redress in regret; and the hut, too, was in a state of confusion—the furniture, but light and cheap at best, now utterly broken and valueless, lay in ruins on the floor; the old woman, huddled in a corner, fixed her wolfsh eyes on the young men, and there was a strange intensity in her stare, and in the mutterings which fell from her frothed lips.

"Why do you regard us, good hostess, with

A wonderful glory fills the air, And big and bright is the sun; A loving hand for the whole brown earth A garment of beauty has spun; But for all that, Summer's done, said I; Summer's done! (Correspondence Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.) The Boy Reformer-The "Father of the

> LAKE GEORGE, NEW YORK, Aug. 30, 1876. While musing, recently, among the rains of Fort George, I came across an elderly man, who had found a shady seat inside the ancient earthhad found a shady seat justed the ancient earth-works, and was quietly smoking a discolored clay pipe. The old man and his pipe had evi-dently seen better days, though not many botter ones, as the mercury indicated at least 100 in the shade; and as he sat and smoked in sad, medita-tative silence, I took a seat a short distant from his right hand, and opened conversation with him. I remarked: "This is a romantic region about Lake George."
>
> "I can't see that it's very rheumatic. My rheu-matiz ain't nigh as bad when I am here, as it is in Troy."

in Troy."
I continued: "It seems too bad that this old

Miscellany.

SUMMER'S DONE.

Along the wayside and up the bills, The golden rod flames in the sun: The blue-eyed gentian node good-bye

In yellowing woods the chestnut drops.
The squirrel gets galore.
Though bright-eyed lade and little maids.
Rob him of half his store;
And so Summer's o'er, said I,

The blue-eyed gentian nods good-b To the and little brooks that ron; And so Summer's done, said I, Summer's done!

The barberry hangs her jewels out, And guards them with a thorn; The merry farmer boys cut down The poor, old dried-up corn; And so Sammer's gone, said I, Sammer's cone;

The swallows and the bobolinks
Are gone this many a day.
But in the uncertainty a still you hear
To soolding, swaggering jay;
And so Sammer's away, said I,
Summer's away!

SHAMMY'S BOYHOOD.

fort should go to ruin in this way."

"Yes; but that's the way of the world now-day. Old forts goin' to ruin, old fellers like me goin' out of date, and the hull country goin' to thunder."

"You seem sad to-day. Do you live in these parts !"

"Wall, partly in these parts, but mostly in other parts. The fact is, I don't live much of anywhere. I'm staying around with my children. I've got a gal married and livin' nigh Lake George, a boy livin' in Rutland, Vermont, and two more in Troy. I was borned in the Town of New Leb'non, Kinmby County, N. Y., on the 11th day of March, 1814."

the rest of us. Arter we'd had all we could eat, and wuz on our way hum, Sammy suddenly speke up, and says he: "Say, boys, them wuz nice mityous; they wouldn't be bad to take every day." 'Yis,' says Mose, 'but then the old man won't be apt to invite us to eat any more, fur he kin git ten cents apiece fur 'em of the visitors at Leb'non Springs, and he can't afford to gin 'em away to us boys fur nothin."

"'That's so,' says Sammy, thoughtful like. Then he whistled an old toon called 'American Taxashun'; I reckon you've heerd it, bein' a singer yourself. You don't know me, but I guess I know James G. Clark. I heerd you sing last night, and we're goin' agin' to-night. Them songs went clear down to my toes. My Sal had to use her hankeher more'n once, and when you sung the Trundle Bed, she cried so it wuz wetter'n sop."

ter'n sop."
"What, the Trundle Bed?"

"No, the hankcher."
"All right, I understand now; but what about Sammy and the musk-melons?"
"Wall, as I wuz sayin', Sammy whistled that ole toon, and then nothin' was said about the ole toon, and then nothin' was said about the milyons till we come to a shady place, and all of us sot down to play marbles. Arter a while Sammy spoke up in a lively sort of way, and says be, 'Say, boys, it would be durn mean if anybody should go to-night and steal Uncle Ike's mushmilyons, but I'm afraid they will, 'cause, you see, the natch is ever so fur from the bones and I'm.

milyons, but I'm atraid they will, 'cause, you see the patch is ever so fur from the bonse, and Uu cle ike never keeps no dog, nuther.'
"That's so,' spoke up three or four of the stealinest little rips in the hull party, all to

I'll give a true relashun, Attend to what I say, Consarnin' the Taxation Of North America.

"Then he seythed, and says he: 'Say, boys, this playin' marbles don't pay. We can't make nothin' at all. I've been thinkin' how't I'd like to go into the mush-milyon bizuiz. I think I can afford to pay three cents apiece for milyons, just like them at Uucle Ike's, and no questions asked. If any of con how has any tasell to noth here. If any of you boys has any to sell to night, bring 'em. around to dad's barn afore midnight, and your pay will be ready. It's cool then, and I'd

rather do bizniz about 'leven at night than it heat of the day.'
"That same night, a lot of us boys went to Uncle lke's and borrered about two bushels of mash milyons, and fetched 'em to Tilden's barn, and sold 'em to Sammy for three ceuts apiece, and Mose took 'em to Leb'non Springs airly next and alose dook cm to Leonon Springs arry next mornin', and got ten cents for every one of 'em. But Uncle Ike missed 'em afore noon, and suspectin' they had gone to the Springs, bitched up his old bob-tail roan mare, and went to look 'em up—and, sure enough, there they were, in a back wood-shed, all in a heap, just as Mose had left 'em. Uncle Ike knowed 'em, 'cause he had cut the first letter of his none onto 'es end along. the first letter of his name onto em, and when he wur told where they come from, he drove over to Tilden's, and says he, 'Good mornin', Mr.

Tidee, I've come on ruther a unpleasant bizniz.'
Then he coughed,
"Take a cheer, Uncie Ike, you seen exzited—
what's the matter! Hope my hogs hain't been
heavin' yer talers—hope none of your cattle or
horses hain't sick; hope none of your folks is
dead?
"Matter anough," any Uncle Ike, 150

dead?

"Matter enough,' sava Uncle Ike. 'Somebody's
gone and hooked a hall slather of my mush-milyons, an' I've tracked 'em to the Springs, and
they tell me they bought 'em of your boys at ten
onts anise.'

cents apiece.'

"Is that so?' says ole Mr. Tilden. Wall, I'll
jest call the boys. I alius larnt'em to be keerful about their reputashuns, and to never do
nuthin' that will be discovered in a way to sile
their good names. My motto is: Take care of
yet name and yet besternill. "Then he goes out to the barn, where More and

"Then he goes out to the barn, where More and Sammy was trym" to cheat each other tradin' fish-lines, and talked with the boys in a low tone, and went back in the house.

"When the boys come in, he sa"s: 'Boys, Uncle Ike has lost a buil slew of them good milyons of hissen, and has found them at the Springs, and they tell him Mose brang 'em there and sold 'em. What have you got to say, boya' Ef you stole

Uncle Ike's mush-milyous, I'll lick ye within an "Gracious." You ought to seen Sammy! He turned up that round, smirkin' one-sided face of hisen, and lookin' Uncle. Ike square in the eyes,

said:
"You're a nice-ole-nucle, to come here and twit
"You're a nice-ole-nucle, to come here and twit

"'You're a sice ole-sucle, to come here and twit me and Mose of stealin' yer goi derned mush-milyons. Don't nobody raise milyons in this town of Leb'non but you? You ought to be ashmued of yerself. I'd like to see ye proce them milyons to be yourn. Ef you can't proce 'em yourn, what are ye goin'to do about it? Say?"

"At first Uncle Ike was so tuk down by Samny's sass, that he begun to feel sheepish like, and wuz about to beg the family's parding and go, when that last misfortunate remark about provin' prop'ty riled him agin, and says he, 'Sammy, stay on yer hose jest a minit. P'raps you kin bluff me, and p'raps you can't. P'raps you don't know how't I cut the letter I' outo the seed end of every mush-milyon into my garding, and I

bluff me, and p'raps you can't. P'raps you don't know how't I cut the letter 'I' onto the seed end of every mush-milyon into my garding, and I should know 'em in Tophet, where you'll be most apt to get a lick at sich fodder, if you are lucky enough to eat anything as coolia' as milyons in the futur life.'

"'Oh,' says Sammy, 'then you know they're yourn. And, say, Uncle Ike, I'm glad you wux smart enough to cut the front corner of yer fust name onto them milyons. I think I know the chaps that stole 'em. I told 'em on Sunday, arter you had treated us so nice, that it would be durn mean to go und steal your milyons, but they didn't mind what I said.

"I'm ashamed of my sext. I'm sorry I'm a boy, and if the Lord spares my life I'll never marry and run the risk of bringin' more boys into the world, but I will devote my life to exposin' sinners. I've been in the mush-milyon bizniz a little, and bought and sold milyous more or less, but who'd a thought I was dickerin' with a lot of thieves? It makes my blood bile to think of it. But it's lucky for you and the hull country thet them milyons war sold to me. It may be the means of breakin' up the all-firedest mush-milyon gang thet ever cussed the country. I kin spot every one of 'em, and bring'em to justice, though it'll take time and money, and I shall run the risk of gittin' licked like thunder, for the boys'll be awful mad. But it's time somebody begun to bust these chaps, or we're ruined. I ain't afeard to go ahead, if you ain't afeard to foller.'
"Sammy,' says old Mr. Tilden, 'I never wuz

"'Sammy,' says old Mr. Tilden, 'I never wuz so proud of ye afore in all my born days. I'd ruther you'd steal all the mush milyons in the County of Klimby than not git a chance to be a reformer. You're the stuff that Gov'ners and Presidents is made out on. Bless ye, my boy.'
"Sammy,' says Uncle Ike, with tears a rollin'
down his face, 'I'm glad sich a brave and honest
boy has taken hold of this thing; and if you'll
tell me the names of the boys that did the stealin', ye needn't pay back nothin' on the milyons,
and I'll go shucks with ye on the money I git
outen the boys' dads.'

and I'll go shucks with ye on the money I git outen the boys' dads."
"Wall, us boys all got a awful licken, and our fathers paid Uncle Ike three times the worth of the prop'ty to have it husbed up. Sammy cleared about fifteen dollars outen the effice consarn, and got the name of being the bravest and honestest boy in the hull country, and was mentioned in the minister's sarmint, the next Sunday.
"But (and here the old man shook his head and knocked the ashes from his pine) I don't know

dren. I've got a gal married and livin' nigh Lake George, a boy livin' in Rutland, Vermont, and two more in Troy. I was borned in the Town of New Leb'non, Klimby County, N. Y., on the 11th day of March, 1814."

**Then you must have known Samuel J. Tilden it is married and livin' nigh Lake George, a boy livin' in Rutland, Vermont, and two more in Troy. I was borned in the Town of New Leb'non, Klimby County, N. Y., on the 11th day of March, 1814."

**Then you must have known Samuel J. Tilden it is married and livin' nigh Lake George, a boy livin' in Rutland, Vermont, and two knocked the ashes from his pipe) I don't know more in Troy. I was borned in the Town of New Leb'non, Klimby County, N. Y., on the 11th day of March, 1814."

**Then you must have known Samuel J. Tilden it is hould git paid, and all his tools git licked and disgraced. That's what bothers me. I s'pose he's got over sich capers now. He's old enough to do better, anyhow."

I gave the old man a ticket to my concert, and as I hade him good-afternoon, and folded the paper on which I had written this narrative as it fell fresh and quaint from his lips, he said:

"Say, Mr. Clark, I see yon've been writin' sometim'; butif ye print what I've tole ye, don't give my name, for Sammy and I waz boys together, and I shall prob'ly vote for him, as I never voted nothin' but the straight Dimocration."

ticket, and it's too late to change now."

If any of your readers desire the old man's address, in confidence, I can send it to them if they

will mail me a stamp or postal card at Syrac

LIFE IN THE NORTHWEST, EIGHTY YEARS AGO. In 1796, when the Indian hostilities had co and the British garrisons were withdrawn from the Northwest, the population of the whole ter-ritory was estimated by Governor St. Clair, after a visit to all its settlements, at 15,000 of both sexes and all ages. The towns were chiefly clus-ters of log hots. Cincinnati was essentially such, having at that time but fifteen frame houses then in an unfinished state, with stone chimneys, and not a brick in the above. and not a brick in the place. The census of 1800 makes the population 45,365—a tripling of four years. But the glorious career was inaugurated, which was to cover with a population of more than 10,000,000, before the opening of the year 1876, distributed in cities from 300,000 down-wards, and in industrial communities scattered over its cutire surface, a region which in 1776, had in it no civilized life, except a few stations established chiefly by the French, for the pur-

pose of evangelizing the savages and trading with them, and one Moravian mission. No details of this marvelous progress can be given in this article. If a picture of the pro-cesses could be drawn by a few strokes, it would formish the seed of the processes could be drawn by a few strokes, it would furnish the readers' imagination with all the means of filling out the details. This region, now embracing five large States, was up to 1804, but one Territory, under one government. Its villages, 500 miles apart and connected only by bridle paths, were neighbors. Traveling was o horseback; the streams must be forded or swan and the first question put to one who offered horse for sale was: "Is he a good seimmer!" party of lawyers which sets out from Cincinnati to attend court in Detroit, Cleveland, Kaskaskia, or Vincennes, must have each his own horse to or Vincennes, must have each his own horse to carry him and his portmantean, and then there must be a common one for the baggage, consisting of the conveniences for camping out at night. In doing this, perhaps a place must be cleared of snow, or a wild-cat expelled from a deserted hunter's cabin, or perhaps an Indian encampment, its occupants all drunk, offers its hospitality, and then the party may choose between the discomforts of any of these and those of traveling all night, this last-named alternative being frequently chosen. By night travel one of the company must act as guide, walking and leading his horse, and often feeling his way.

On the Ohio and some other rivers there was some traveling and transportation of the produce of the soil and other merchandise by water. Not only flat-boats, but sail boats, were constructed for river and lake travel and trade. The plan

only flat-boats, but sail boats, were constructed for river and lake travel and trade. The plan was conceived and the first steps towards its execution were taken of building vessels at Marietta, which should trade directly with the Atlantic cities by the way of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic. But the products of the soil were more than carned a second time in this transportation, and practice was divided between boating merchandise up the river from New Orleans, and wheeling it over the monutains from Philadelphia. dise up the river from New Orleans, and wheeling it over the mountains from Philadelphna. The falls of Niagara interposes an equal obstacle on the line of the lakes. Up to 1818 a single mail reached Detroit on horseback from the East, and the Detroit Gazette, which was first started in 1817, apologized in one of its issues of that year for its want of news, by referring to the loss of the carrier's horse in swimming a river between Cleveland and Fort Meigs. This paper, in order to accommodate itself to the nonper, in order to accommodate itself to the possi-lation, was divided between the French and En-glish languages.—From Prof. Ten Brook's "One Hundred Years of the Northwest," in the Penn Mouthle for Enterpres

Long John Wentworth, of Chicago, has an Long John Wintworth, of Chicago, has an original way of doing things. Feeling moved to make a speech, last week, he hired a hall and a band, and advertised his intention in the city papers. There was a jam, of course, and Long John began by pointing to some anocupied chairs on the platform, and aunouncing that all persons not having seats were appointed vice-presidents of the meeting.

The measles have attacked Brigham Young's family, and you bet they've got their hands full—the measles, we mean. WHAT relation are Don Cameron, Dom Pedro,

ALL ROADS lead to the Centennial.

AUTUMN

They have come—the Antumn days, When the red sun's chastened rays,

In the Spring, content to greet All the beauties at my feet, And to stay, Never caring what beside Nature's verdant veil might hide,

It had come—the Autumn time; Passed, the Summer and the prime Of my days. Carcless I of Joys or fears. For the sod was dank with tears; Withered fell the hopes of years In my gaze;

When the magic of thy love Let the sun in from above, Soft and bright, And I saw, with altered mind, That the Autann, too, was kind In its light.

For, just as a brighter sheen Glerifles the passing green Of the leaf,

So might it be in life.
When the glory and the strife
Of its June
Had shed their flowers and fruits.
From pure or poisoned roots.

We may find a grander view, With a wider passage through To our rest. And that love which blossoms i

IN TILDEN A PERJURER?

Views of the Prosecuting Officers of the Gov-erament as to Bringing Suit for the Franch-ulently. Withheld Taxes - Democrats who threaten to Abandon Tilden if he cannot Ex-plains - Will Tilden Withdraw from the Pres-idential Canyass f

Dispatch to Nove York Times,

Saratoga, Aug. 22.—The terrible expose of Samuel J. Tilden's fraudulent and illegal prac-tices in connection with the income tax, which was made in the article published in this morning's Times, and hended, "Is Gov. Tilden a Perjurer?" has created a very marked sensation here, and during the afternoon and evening has been the principal topic of conversation in polit-ical circles. For a time it attracted such earnest attention as to leave the question, "Who shall be Governor!" quite in the shade. Early this morning a number of prominent New York politicians received telegrams from the city telling them to look out for the Times, and during the forenoon the arrival of the train with the metropolitan papers was waited for with no little anxiety. By degrees it became noised about the tety. By degrees it became noised about the town that Tilden was shown up in the Times just as he was; that the Times contained a statement as he was; that the Times contained a statement which killed Tilden, etc., etc., and when the train arrived a score or more of people were at the depot waiting to get a copy of the paper. Half an hour afterward it was selling at 25 cents a copy, and people thought themselves lneky to get it at any price. When the remarkable article which it contained had been read, and it became apparent that Mr. Tilden had sworn to a lie, either in 1862 or 1876, the general opinion expressed on every hand was, that if he were a Republican candidate, he would be withdrawn by his narty. Senater Woodin excitations of the by his party. Senator Woodin exclaimed, after reading the article, "Jim Blaine, even at the worst, was an angel to this old rascal, and still we refused to nominate him." Even Democrats admitted that the story, if it could be proved, was a very damaging one; but they donbted that it could be substantiated. One well-known anti Tamany Democrat went so far as to say:
"If the Times can farnish conclusive proof of
what it charges, Tilden should withdraw from
the canvass. I for one could not and would not
vote for him." Similar expressions were heard

on every side. Shortly after the arrival of the paper, I drew United States Attorney Bliss' attention to the article which it contained, and asked him to give his views upon the subject. He did so in substantially the following language: "I am here on my vacation, having taken none this Summer, and with my mind wholly estranged from official matters, I cannot say anything very definite as to the matter of Mr. Tilden's income tax referred to in the Times of this morning. The difficulty is that if I should, as the Times suggests, commence a suit against Mr. Tilden for unpaid income tax, it would be alleged to be political persecution, and yet I cannot see how Mr. Tilden can explain the matter which the Times states, and if on my return to New York, I should find, on inquiry, that the facts are as stated by the Times, it seems to me it will be my duty to commence a suit against Mr. Tilden to recover the unpaid tax. If such a suit is commenced, Mr. Tilden will be liable to be examined and testify for the Government. Were it not that more than and with my mind wholly estranged from officia Tilden will be liable to be examined and testify for the Government, Were it not that more than five years have elapsed since his returns in 1863, he could protect himself from testifying on the ground that he might thereby criminate himself. But as no criminal proceedings will be possible, he must testify, if called upon, for the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that no lapse of time prevents an action by the United States for a tax, and I am constantly bringing such actions. It is possible that Mr. Tilden may States for a tax, and I am constantly bringing such actions. It is possible that Mr. Tilden may have some explanation of the discrepancies pointed out by the Times, but they do not occur to me. He was, of course, entitled to make certain deductions from his gross income, but I cannot at this moment see how it is possible for him to explain the matter. Why, just look at it," continued Col. Bliss, "he paid taxes on about \$7,000 in 1862, yet he himself has recently sworn that in that very year he received \$20,000 of income from a single company."

that very year he received \$20,000 of income from a single company."

After pronouncing this hard question, the District-Attorney continued: "There is another striking feature in the case. After 1863 he made no income tax return, but allowed himself to be assessed and paid the tax upon the sum so assessed, with a penalty of 50 per cent, added. Of course no one believes that he did this unless thereby he shought he was rejected. course no one believes that he did this unless thereby he thought he was going to save money. No man who means to pay his just dues to the Government does such a thing. A man may by accident fail to make a return one year, and thereby subject himself to a penalty, but no man does this by accident year after year. As to the taxes for years in which Mr. Tilden made no return there is a head catality made which turn, there is a legal quibble under which he may seek to shelter himself, though I do not think it would be of any avail. At any rate, the Solicitor of Internal Revenue has given his opinion upon that subject, and has authorized me to commence a test case, though, of course, in giving such authority he had to idea, any more than I had, that it could apply to the Governor of this State. Then, again, I cannot see that Mr. Tilden has ever paid an income on the bonds and stocks he admits he received from the Terre Haute Hail-rond Company. It does not appear in what year these bonds and shares were received, but if the Times is correct in saying that Mr. Tilden only paid a tax on an average income of \$15,000, he could never have paid any tax upon these bonds

could never have paid any tax upon these bonds and shares."

In reply to a direct question, Col. Bliss said as to the political effect of this exposure: "I have no better means of judging than you have, but it seems to me that, wholly apart from the question of morality involved in the failure to pay what is due the Government, and the alleged perjury involved in his returns, it is rather fatal to Mr. Tilden's claim to have been an ardent supporter of the Government, if it appears that he deliberately avoided paying the Government his share of the taxes necessarily imposed to pay our soldiers. How can a man expect the support of loyal men, when it appears that he really defrauded the Government of its just dues during the late Warf"

War!"
Senator Prince being asked for his views on
the subject, said that the developments in the
article, if not disproved, would undoubtedly ereare a profound impression through the country.
The moral sense of the community could not

fail to be shocked at the falsity of a statemen

fail to be shocked at the faisity of a statement made under the sanctity of an oath, and the hon-est impulses of the people would be keenly touched at the dishonesty involved in the nou-payment of money actually due by law. He thought, however, that the uppermost feeling in the public mind would be one of indignation at the fact that in the days of the country's most im-minent langer when every particitic citizen was In the wood,
Glimmer bright on shade and hue
That the Summer never knew,
And pierce the thicket through,
Where I stood. the public mind would be one of indignation at the fact that in the days of the country's most imminent danger, when every patriotic citizen was doing his utmost to sustain its credit, Mr. Tilden chose to cripple its resources for his own personal gain. "There is no subject," he added, "regarding which more interest is felt by the people than as to Mr. Tilden's course during the War. Nothing so nearly touches the American heart. His record then has seemed to be the most barren of his life, in deeds and words. The whole frightful contest for five years, with the national life hanging in the balance, seems not to have brought a syllable of genuine patriotism from his lips. This would have been enough of itself te make a deep impression, for silence at such a period was in itself a crime. But yet any positive act like that involved in this charge will have far more weight than any sins of unission; for it is more palpable, and so more easily affects the public mind. While our people," he continued, "are ready to forgive, and, as far as possible, to forget the acts of those who went into rebellion, yet they never forget that the acts of a Northern man in those days of trial are the best illustrators of his character which we can ever have. If this charge should prove all that it now appears, it can't fail to arouse a height of indignation that will largely affect the campaign, and especially in view of the contrast which such conduct presents to the patriotic record of Gov. Hayes, who thought that scalping would be too good for a man who would desert his country in her need."

Ex-Senator Chapman, after reading the article, said: "Well, that's the worst yet. That is abominable. I don't see how old Tilden is going to get around those affidavits, or reconcile them with each other. He will escape indictment for perjary through the statute of limitation, but the Government can sue him for the balance out of which it was cheated by his false oaths, and it ought to do it. Isn't he a pretty rascal to be Ah! the view is clearer now; Dead, the tendril on the bough, Sunk, the veil. And the occan is in sight, Spreading gloom, and flashing light, Where the sun will sunk at night.

And the vistas op ning clear, Let the wider scenes appear, Free from grief;

of which it was cheated by his false oaths, and it

onght to do it. Isu't he a pretty rascal to be running for the Presidency on a reform cry !" Judge Bullard says it is the most conclusive and crushing thing he has yet read about Tildeu, although the Times had already published facts enough about his record to damn any candidate seeking the votes of respectable people. He thinks it is about time the World demanded his withdrawal from the ticket, as it did Blair's in 1868.

A CHEERFUL OLD STATESMAN.

A CHEERFUL OLD STATESMAN.

Mr. Caleb Cushing came in with the century, on the 17th of January. Since that time he has been a lawyer in large practice, a member of either branch of the Massachusetts Legislature, a traveler and a writer of books, a member of the National House of Representatives, a Commissioner to China, a Colonel and a Brigadier-General in the Mexican War, a Mayor of Newburyport, a Judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, Counsel for the United States at the Geneva Conference, and lastly, Minister to Spain. After this large and multifarious experience of public affairs, it gives us pleasure to say that Mr. Cushing does not by any means despair of the Republic. On the contrary, he is full of high hopes and the most exhilarating anticipations. The Essex (Mass.) people have a custom of gathering annually in September at Salisbury Beach; and there, on Wednesday last, Mr. Cushing addressed his old friends and neighbors. Although he acknowledged a feeling of sadness at the recollection of the dead, he yielded to the inspiriting influence of the scene. He seemed to be mainly anxious to impress upon the minds of his hearers his conviction that the United States "had gone forward in morality, truth, and intelligence." He is by no means of the opinion that mainly anxious to impress upon the minds of his hearers his conviction that the United States "had gone forward in morality, truth, and intelligence." He is by no means of the opinion that as a people we are degenerating. "We are better than our forefathers." he said, "and we have not degenerated." Gen. Cushing went so far as to say that "there is not so much of corruption, but more of intelligence, morality, and religion than there has been for the last half century." There were dishonest public officers under all past administrations, and the orator did not hespitate to name them. Even our commercial prositate to name them. Even our commercial prositate to name them. Even our commercial prospects are brighter than those of England, France, Germany. And so, with a glorious anticipation of our country's future, Geu. Cushing closed his encouraging speech.

The color of it may be a little rosy, but all this its certainly better than croaking. It is much that a man of large experience, of cultivation, and of many years, resists that temptation to an experience, of cultivation, and of many years, resists that temptation to an experience, of cultivation, and of many years, resists that temptation to an experience, of cultivation, and of many years, resists that temptation to an experience, of cultivation, and of many years, resists that temptation to an experience, of cultivation, and of many years, resists that temptation to a proceedent." and Inserting the time decknown that the elecksun, trubelle wood inevitably ensoo. We also, in the interest uy peece, hed men detaled to stand on each road to stop all niggers with shood pressoon to move tour the time to the totage that day, with strict on more details to stand on each road to stop all niggers with shood pressoon to move that the time to

The color of it may be a little rosy, but all this is certainly better than croaking. It is much that a man of large experience, of cultivation, and of many years, resists that temptation to glorify the past at the expense of the present, to which many distinguished persons have yielded in their decline. It is true, considering how vigorous his capacities still are, that it is hard to think of Gen. Cushing as otherwise than in the prime of life. Few men of his years show such small evidence of senility; and in this habit of hopeful cheerfulness, he has the best guaranty of not a few years of usefulness to come. We commend his word to those who, in the solitude of their libraries, are sadly anticipating a political ruin which they are doing nothing to avert. The Republic must live, if at all, by the faith which its best men have in its perpetuity; and prophits best men have in its perpetuity; and prophets of evil, however virtuously they may prophesy, may be the authors of the very disasters which they deprecate.—N. Y. Tribune.

Col. Ingersoil on the Democrats

Colonel R. G. Ingersoll has addressed the following letter to the editor of the Peoria Trans-As a great deal has been said concerning a few gentle remarks that I made before the County convention the other day, and a great deal more

convention the other day, and a great deal more about remarks that I never made, I think it right for me to tell what I did say:

First—I did say the worst ward in New York, the ward in which there is the most ignorance, the most crime, the most vice and the most lice, would give the largest Democratic majority.

Second—I did say, speaking of General Grant, that he had done more than any other man, probably, to save the nation; that I could not forget that at Donelson the eagle circled up the cliffs to victory for the first time, and that when I heard a dirty, lonsy Democrat or rebel slander and curse him, that I felt outraged.

Third—I did say this was a time of general saspicion—that everybody suspected everybody. That if an office-holder had a decent sait of clothes, he was charged with stealing them, and that lazy lonfers would sit on the

them, and that lazy lonfers would sit on the corners with faces that had not been washed for a year, and denounce every man with a clean shirt "as a thief."

shirt "as a thief."
Upon the subject of shirts, dirt, and vermin, I made no other observatious.
What I did say is bad enough and true enough, without any addition whatever; but had as it is and true as it is, I am wiling to, and do stand by every word.
I do say that the worst wards, the worst cities,

I do say that the worst wards, the worst cities, the worst States, are the Democratic wards, the Democratic cities, and the Democratic States. I do say that the Hamburg murderers are supporters of Tilden and Hendricks. I do say that the haters of liberty—the assassins of colored men, women, and children—the musked wretches who ride to the hut of the freedman and shoot him down like a beast, disregarding the prayers him down like a beast, disregarding the prayers and tears of wife and children—I do say that these men are not for Hayes and Wheeler. I do say that the real friends of liberty are the only friends of labor, and that those who vote for Hayes and Wheeler are the best friends of liberty labor.

of liberty, labor, and love.

I write this for one reason, and for one reason only. I am unwilling that any one should believe that I judge men by their condition or position, instead of by their heads and hearts.

R. G. Incompact.

Among several ancient coins found lately near Jerusalem, were shekels and half shekels of Judea, which are considered by many to be the most interesting of all ancient coins. They are of silver, and belong to the time of the Great High Priest, Simon Macabeus.

The Democrats of Denison, Texas, got up a torch-light procession on hearing of the nomination of Tilden and Hendricks, and went about the town cheering Instily for Jeff. Davis. No one pet flowers on George Washington's grave on Decoration Day, but then, if he stays dead long enough, he will have a monument.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,005.

Gaining power to rob and plunder, With a shameless hand and bold, You struck out your honest contrac And demanded pay in gold.

Coming up through war and carnage; Still the people hold them good. They are needed! don't contract them; That you house them, arow: Waiting labor, wasted commerce, They demand the greenbacks now.

[From the Toledo Blade.] THE NASBY LETTERS.

Au Outrage That Will Onsettle the Devenhen of Nasby and Isanker Gavitt to the Govern-ment-"Mite Jist ex Well Git Our Chanes and Go to Claukin' av 'Em First ex Last."

CONFEDRIT X ROADS. WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY,

Sept. 9, 1876.

Ther is dismay in the Cross Roads. Sence we hed the direcshens ny Attaray Gineral Taft red to us, thretnin the employment uv troops in the Suthern States, about eleckshun time, we feel that all hope uv freedom is goue, and that we mite jest ez well git out our chanes and go to clankin uv em first ez last. When the Cross Roads can't ron its eleckshuns in its own way, ther ain't no more freedom. Freedom is throttled, and ef she don't shreek now, she is a tufier old virgin than I ever give her credit for bein.

Wat is the nessessity uv sendin troops down here on eleckshun day † To pertect the niggers! Can't we pertect em! Shan't we hev the guard-

To show how onnessary this interference is, I will state that we hed alreddy made full and ample preparashens for a peeceful and quiet eleckshun. We hed organized the white citizens eleckshun. We hed organized the white citizens ny the Corners into a gard to preserve the purity uv the ballot-box, and to see that no disturbin elemence come in. Uv coarse, we exclosdid from the arrangement, Pollock, Bigler, and the two carpet baggers who hev a wagon factry here, wich they bilt ten years ago, and wich hes disturbed ns ever sence, ex they are both Republikins. We hed taken a invoice uv the shot guns in the naborhood, and hed detaled our quickest and most akkerit shots to yoose em, and hed matters so arranged that ther coodent be no dis-

and most askerit shors to yoose em, and hed matters so arranged that ther coodent be no disturbance at the polls.

Our method war simple and statesmanlike—I originated it. That ignorance mite not be pleeded ex a excoose, we notified all the niggers within the limit uv this precinct, that to prevent trabble, they must not cum to the poles or at

eleckshun day, a ridin uv his own mule, while I, his scoperior, am obleeged to cam afoot, it wood drive me to the verge uv madois."

hangs upon all men who hev ther dearest hopes crushed.

And then, sposen that under the perteckshum ny these blook totid hirelings, the niggers shood all vote, and shood elect Republikin offishlet Spose them niggers, under kiver ny Fedrel muskits, shood loose that discressom wieh a shot-gun inspires, and shood pressom to challenge sich onnaturalized voters ex we ginnerally bring up to swell our majorities for moral effect, and compel us to reject em! And spose that by this tyramy they shood carry this pracinct, and git a voice in things! Spose they shood git the power to levy taxes for township and moonissipal purposes, and, guided by Poliock, Bigier, and the carpet-baggers, shood compel us to pay taxes, and do work on the roads and sich! In short, spose that the power shood pass out uv our hands into them! The Coruers shudders when it contemplates sich a possibility.

short, spose that the power shood pass out aw our hands into thern? The Corners shudders when it contemplates sich a possibility.

I warn the minynns av power at Washinton not to trifle with us. We want no Federal solities here—we saw enuff av em some yeors ago. We bev accepted the sityonashun—discontent is dangerous in a Republic. We may be ernshed, but—remember Poland.

Uv course we shel hold a meetin to pertest agin this outrage. The Corners allus holds a meetin when its aroused. Bascom likes it. Becox when we meet to pertest agin any denyin uv our rite to controle the nigger, the citizens git excited, and in ther forgetfulois actility pay for ther drinks. The citizens like it, become it gives sem a excoose for histin in twice es much ex they otherwise wood. Whenever they take a drink on sich occashuns, they feel that they have discharged a patriotic dooty. A more patriotic peeple I never lived upon. We shel pass a series uv resoloushens, and then wait in dignified silence, to see ef our protest will be disregarded. In the intrest uv peece, I hope not.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, Reformer.

P. S.—I notis that Tweed is capehered. Ef

GREENBACKS.

Why are they disowned disbonored? What's their aliment, anyhow? Why the maker sourn the creature? Who will care for greenbacks now?

They held high our country's banner Ou the shore or gunbeat's prow; They provided food and clothing For the soldier, then as now.

Tell me, gold and silver hearders.

If you dare your thoughts arow,
You, whose bands demanded greenbacks,
Why do you defame them now?

In the crucible of battle, When the nation's pulse boat slow, Was it love of gold or country Made you buy your greenbacks low?

They are money of the people, Stamped with human toll and blood

Can't we perfect em f Shan't we hev the guard-in uv the ballet-box, and wou't we see that ev-erybody votes, wich we consider entitled to the ballot f This is a outrage wich is well calkelat-id to onsettle the deveshen uv me and Issaker Gavitt to the Guverment.

in the limit my this precinct, that to prevent trabble, they must not cam to the poles or attempt to vote. That of they wood keep keerfully at home all that day, they wood not be molestid or harmed; but that of they attempted to vote, or in any way interfere with the eleeksun, trabble wood inevitably ensoo. We also, in the interest my peece, hed men detailed to stand on each road to stop all nigrors wich sheet.

sired to vote, and Deckin Pogram waz in favor uv lettin uv em. Our citizens protestid. "It's establishin a precedent," sed Issaker Gavitt; "ef one nigger votes, why not all !—and when a nigger votes, the find-gates is broke down."

"But," sed I, "kin we afford to loose them two votes for Tiden and Reform!"

"Ef we keep em out, and need them two votes, can't you and I, in the intrest uv reform, vote twice!" sed Issaker.

And so, ruther than violate a principle, we hev excloseded Dimocratic votes.

This ort to be satisfactry to the Guverment. The niggers knows very well that the site uv one

This ort to be satisfactry to the Guverment. The niggers knows very well that the site uv one uv em, in a state uv freedom, partikelerly of he hez boots on wich hev no holes in em, is espeshelly aggravatin to the proud Cawcasheo, his sooperior, whose boots are not water-proof. Issaker Gavitt remarkt, with toers a streeming own bis cheeks:

"Ef any nigger shood cum into the Corners, on eleckshun day, a ridin uv his own male, while I

his scoperior, am obleeged to cam afoot, it wood drive me to the verge uv madois."

And every nigger knows that when Issaker is druv to the verge uv madois at a nigger, and her his shot-gan handy, that nigger is very apt to becom a colored angel. Why, then, can't they keep out uv Issaker's way? Why do these inferior beins good us to desperasion with ther mules, and boots, and other cloze? Why do they provoke us? Knowin as well er they do that ther presence irritates us, why do they insist on showin therselves on elsekshun days, when we are together in sich numbers?

Ly coarse, ef the military cums here to pertect these inferior beins, the Corners will suffer a loss uv all its preparashens for keepin the peece. Our shot gans will remane anyoneed. The powder and back shot we hev bot will be ded stock on our hands till the military are removed, and wat is worse, ther will be that sallen feelin wich hangs upon all men who hev ther dearest hopes crushed.

P. S.—I notis that Tweed is capehered. Ef the Dimocrisy av Noo York ever permit him to come off uv a ship alive, they are ijeota. Mersi-ful Hevins! the ijee uv his bein boot back to foll wat he knows uv rings, with Tildan et a ruferun candidate! Wenever a Dimocratic statesman